

Robt. Roantney

Moderation Vindicated,

IN AN

A N S W E R

TO

Moderation Display'd,

Paragraph by Paragraph.

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A N S W E R

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Paraphrase by Paraphrase

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Moderation Vindicated,

IN AN

ANSWER,

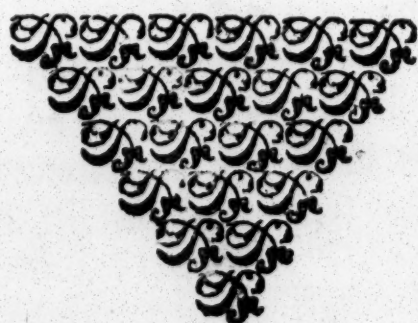
Paragraph by Paragraph,

To a Late New

POEM,

INTITLED,

Moderation Display'd.



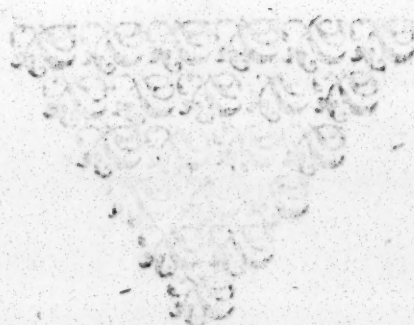
L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1705.

To a Late New

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Abstracts of Papers



C. M. D.

Printed in the Year 1707.

Moderation Vindicated, &c.

A Gain my Muse --- nor fear the steepy Flight,
Pursue the Fury through the Realms of Night,
Explore the Depth of *Hell*, the secret Caule,
Whence the new Scheme of *Moderation* rose.

The Poem our *Tory* Author refers to, in this Paragraph, is Intituled, *Faction Display'd*; but he has little Reason to value himself upon it; for (the Poetry apart) 'tis an exploded Piece of Nauseous, Fictitious, Scandal and Scurrility; in which he bitterly inveighs against *Faction*, without considering that his *Worship* is a *Leading Card* in the worst *Faction* that ever *Hell*, *Rome*, or *Absolute Tyranny*, infected *England* with. In that Poem he grossly abused and misrepresented several Persons of the highest Honour and Virtue under feigned Epithets; and now to shew himself in his native Hue, has curs'd the Age, or rather oblig'd his own *Faction* with a *Satyr* against *Virtue* itself, under the Title of *Moderation Display'd*.

Now *Faction* reassum'd her Native Throne,
Which Prostrate Fiends with Awful Homage own.
A Crown of Eating Flame her Temples bound,
Darting a Blue Malignant Radiance round.
An Iron Scepter in her Hand she bore,
Emblem of Vengeance, and Destructive Pow'r.
A Bloody Canopy hung o'er her Head,
Where the *Four* falling *Empires* are pourtray'd.
Monarchs depos'd beneath her Footstool lye,
And all around is *Hell* and *Anarchy*.

Whilst

Whilst thus she tow'ring fate, the Subject Train
 With Shouts proclaim'd the Triumphs of her Reign.
 Then they the *Chaos* sung, and Nature's Jars,
 How the first Atoms urg'd their *Medley Wars*,
 How Civil Discord and Intestine Rage
 Have boil'd in every Nation; every Age:
 They sung divided *Albion's* hapless State,
 Her Clashing Senate's Feuds, her Lab'ring Churches Fate:
 And, as her coming Ruin they exprest,
 A sullen Rapture swell'd in every Breast.
 For such the Bent of their distorted Will,
 Only to know Delight in Thoughts of Ill.
 But on a sudden, lo! descending flew
 A Meagre Ghost, which soon the Fury knew,
Cethego newly dead, her darling Pride,
 Whose firm, unwavering Faith, she long had try'd;
 Long in her secret Counsels had retain'd,
 By which her Empire o'er our Isle she gain'd.
 No sooner was arriv'd the welcome Guest,
 But him in soothing Terms she thus address:
 Hail best Belov'd of all my Sons, receive
 What Praise, what Joy these gloomy Realms can give;
 For 'tis to thy successful Arms I owe
 My Reign above, my Triumph here below.
 This said, th' unbodied shade obsequious kneel'd,
 Struck with Amazement, and with Rapture fill'd.
 O Mighty Queen! permit me to Adore
 Thy Awful Shrine, thy All-informing Pow'r;
 Whose nearer Influence my Breast inspires
 With Glorious Rage, and Mischievous Desires.
 'Twas in thy Cause I sunk a mould'ring Frame,
 Unequal to the hardy Task of Fame;
 But still my Mind, releas'd from Mortal Pains,
 Her innate Faculty of Ill retains.

More

More he had said, but the surrounding Throng,
Impatient of Delay, pursu'd their noisie Song.

One would be tempted to think, that our Poetick *Chevalier*, having little else to do, except *Rhyming* without *Reason*, had newly made a Visit to *Pluto* in the *Infernal* Regions; for he has given us as Nice and Elaborate a Description of the Powers of *Darkness*, as if he had been dignified with the Character of *Principal Secretary* to that Society, and seems to be thus accurately instructed in Matters of State by no meaner a Politician than *Beelzebub* himself, for otherwise he would never have made *Faction* and *Moderation* convertible Terms, and to aim at the same Ends; which are as opposite and irreconcilable as *Light* and *Darkness*, or a *Poetick* Rage to a *Solid* Judgment; for Pernicious Councils, Destructive Powers, Overthrow of Empires, Depositions of Kings, Civil Discords, Senatorian Clashings and Feuds, and the Divisions and Troubles in Church and State, are all owing to the Fury and Madness of such *Hot-Spurs* as our *Tory Displayer* and his whole Party proclaim themselves to be, and for want of *Moderation* in those that sit at the Helm.

Mean time the Fiend revolving in her Thought,
The mighty Change *Cetbego's* Death had wrought,
Resolv'd at length to summon to her Aid
Each *Plotting* Devil, each *Seditious* Shade;
She gave the Signal, and a dreadful Sound
Ran bellowing through all th' Abyss profound.

Methinks the *Displayer* should not insult at so ungenteel a rate, but tread more softly upon the Ashes of the deceased *Cetbego*, unless he has a mind to prove by his own Practice, that a *living Dog is superior to a dead Lion*; but passing o'er the rest, since he is playing the *Conjurer's* Part, and commanding his *Plotting* Devils to appear before him, let us stay and see of what *Spawn* or *Edition* his *Plotting* Devils are; whether *Fergusonian*, *Porterian*, *Fullerian*, or
Caledonian,

Caledonian, that we may antidote their Fury, either by Gibbets, Goals, or *Weekly Pensions*; for according to his own Maxim a Bribe never fails to gain a Friend among the Breed of Plotters and Royal Evidences.

Then thus she eas'd her anxious Soul——
 O dearest Friends! O faithful Ministers!
 Ye mutual Partners of my Joys and Cares!
 New Ways, new Means, my restless Thoughts imploy,
 How *Albion* to reduce, her Peace destroy.
 Long have I labour'd, but alas! in vain,
 For now succeeds the Heav'nly *Anna's* Reign,
 Who watchful Guards a Stubborn People's Good,
 By Fears not stagger'd, nor by Force subdu'd.
 Such are the Gifts of her capacious Mind,
 Where Justice, Mercy, Piety, are join'd,
 As Motion, Light and Heat, combin'd in one,
 Make up the Glorious Essence of the Sun.
 But still She Mortal is, nor will I cease
 Till my Revenge be crown'd with wish'd Success.
 First then, suppose we should divest the Throne
 Of Friends, whose Souls are Kindred to her own.
Celsus disgrac'd, *Hortensio* next appears,
 Whose Vigilance still baffles all my Cares;
 To whom by Right of Ancestry belong
 A Loyal Heart, and a Persuasive Tongue.
 Now Plots are form'd, and publick Tempests roul,
 He boasts a strange unshaken Strength of Soul.
 Fearless against her Foes the Church sustains,
 Alike their Friendship and their Hate disdains;
 Disdains their Clamour and Seditious Noise,
 Secure in the applauding Senate's Voice.
 Of noble Stem, in whose *Collat'ral* Lines
 Virtue with equal Force and Lustre shines.
 When *Suada* pleads, Success attends the Cause,
Suada the Glory of the British Laws.

Not the Fam'd Orators of old were heard
 With more attentive Awe, more deep Regard,
 When thronging round them, their charm'd Audience hung
 On the attracting Musick of their Tongue.
 Nor Hell to *Lelio* can her Praise refuse,
 Whose ~~Worth~~ deserves his own recording Muse;
 Who in *Sophia's* Court, with just Applause,
 Maintain'd his Sov'reign's Right, his Country's Cause:
 For 'tis in him with Anguish that I find
 All the Endowments of a gen'rous Mind,
 Whate'er is Great and Brave, whate'er Refin'd;
 For 'tis in him Fame doubly does commend
 An Active Patriot, and a Faithful Friend.
 Then from his near Attendance be remov'd
Urbano, tho' by all admir'd and lov'd;
 Tho' his sweet Temper, and obliging Port,
 Become his Office, and adorn the Court.
 He seems by Nature form'd Mankind to please,
 So free, so unconstrain'd in his Address,
 Improv'd by every Vertue, every Grace.
Senato too, who bravely does deride
Sempronia's little Arts, and Female Pride;
 Whose Lofty Look, and whose Majestick Mien
 Confess the tow'ring God-like Soul within.
 A Speaker of unparallell'd Renown,
 Long in the Senate, long in Council known.
 Ally'd to *Celsus* by the noblest Claim,
 By the same Principles, by Worth the same.
 Old as he is, still firm his Heart remains,
 And dauntless his declining Frame sustains.
 So pois'd on its own Base, the Centre bears
 The nodding Fabrick of the Universe.

Having rais'd his plotting Devil *Faction*, the Employ-
 ment he assigns her is to destroy *Old England*; and possi-
 bly he may be for once in the Right, and the Work pro-

per enough for the Undertaker, if he means his own Dear *Tory Devil Faction*; who, generally speaking, being Strangers to *Right, Peace and Moderation*, have long endeavour'd the Ruin of happy *Albion*, by carrying all Things into Extremities. But if he means the *Whiggish* Faction, he has took his Mark amiss; for even Self-Interest, which never lyes, will encline them to seek the Preservation and Welfare of their Native Country, because they have much more to lose than the Pauperous, Malecontented *Tories*. Our Poet's chiefest Art lyes in calling all Men *Factions* and *Seditious* that are not of his own Kidney; but by his Pardon, since all Societies are distinguish'd by the Word *Faction*, as the *Church* Faction, the *Phanatick* Faction, the *Court* and *Country* Faction, &c. 'tis no such heinous Crime to be of a *Party*, as our Son of *Parnassus* would passionately render it; for where common *Right* or *Religion* gives a Call, a *Neuter* must be a *Coward* or a *Hypocrite*. This is the Case of Peaceable and Intelligent *Dissenters*, who, tho' they look upon *Meddling* as a *Fault*, cannot forget that *Helping* is their Duty, when they see *Truth* and *Right* in danger of being overlaid by *Passion*, *Interest* and *Prejudice*. His Character of the Queen, tho' somewhat too brief, will be allowed just by all the World, though he sullies it, and mortifies every *Party* in these Realms, in telling us Her Majesty is *Mortal*; for therein lyes our Fears, and all the Hopes and Expectations of the *Tory* Faction he is coupled with. Our *Displayer* has also dishonour'd *Celsus*, by saying *À la mode de France* he is disgraced, which is utterly false and scandalous: Dismiss'd or laid aside he may be, but 'tis impossible that Noble, Vertuous, and truly *English* Lord should suffer any Disgrace, unless by his Name being made use of by the Pen of a *Factionous Displayer*. The same may be said of *Hortensio*, *Snada*, *Lalio*, *Urbano*, and, for ought I know, of *Senato* too; tho' I think the Poet might have found brighter

Topicks

Topicks in celebrating his Praises, than a *Lofly Look*, and *Deriding* a Lady of Superior Quality. But *Senato* has no cause to take it ill from the *Displayer*, for he treats the Queen at the same rate, in Praising Her Majesty, but *Disparaging*, *Affronting* and *Scandalizing* her Counsellors and Ministers, which is more than a tacite Reflection upon her Councils and Conduct.

Be these, and such as these, discharg'd from Court,
The *Better Genii* that the Crown support.
Then in their stead let *Moderate Statesmen* reign,
Practice their new pretended *Golden Mien*.
A Notion undefin'd in Vertues Schools,
Unrecommended by her Sacred Rules:
A modern *Coward Principle*, design'd
To stifle *Justice*, and unnerve the Mind.
A Trick by *Knaves* contriv'd, impos'd on *Fools*,
Buticorn'd by Patriot and exalted Souls.
For *Moderate Statesmen*, like *Camelions*, wear
A different Form in every different Air.
They stick at nothing to secure their Ends,
Careless their Enemies, betray their Friends.
Their Medley Temper, their Amphibious Mind,
Is fraught with Principles of every kind;
Nor ever can from Stain and Error free,
Assert its Native Truth and Energy.
As the Four Elements so blended were
In their first *Chaos*, so united there,
That since they ne'er could fully be disjoin'd,
Each retains something of each other's kind.
Nor this is wholly Air, nor that pure Flame,
But still in both some Atoms are the same.

After our Poet's Compliment to the *Queen*, in what a frightful Figure does he represent Her Majesties Court, where all the Persons of Quality he pourtraies under a fair Character, are, or must be banished, to make Way for a

sort of Men, that if the World would believe him, are unworthy of their Offices and Dignities: And what are their Crimes, I pray? Why, they are *Moderate Statesmen*, and that in his Religion and Politick, is the most disgraceful Epithet in the World; whilst all the good People of *England*, under every Denomination, heartily pray that we might have more, and never want Statesmen of that excellent Character. But as if the *Poet* was not vile enough in throwing Dirt at *Moderate Men*, he proceeds to calumniate the Vertue of *Moderation* itself, in calling it a modern *Coward* Principle, a *Trick* invented by *Knaves*, imposed on none but *Fools*, and unrecommended in the Schools of Vertue. What Frontless and Heaven-daring Language is this? And what blessed Times should we have if these barbarous Notions should take place? There is scarce an Author in the World, either Sacred or Prophane, but has extoll'd *Moderation* as a Superlative Vertue in the whole Conduct of our Lives; among others, the Apostle that was brought up at the Feet of *Gamaliel* has recommended the Practice of it in these Words, *Let your Moderation be known unto all Men, the Lord is at hand*. But it seems our Poetick *Tory* is better read in *Ovid's* than in *St. Paul's* Epistles.

Let *Jano*, second of the *Trimming* Band,
 Next to *Vulpone* deck'd with Honours stand.
 Like him for secret Policy renown'd,
 Like him with all the Gifts of Cunning crown'd;
 None better can the jarring Senate guide,
 Or lure the *Flying Camp* to either Side.
 Of an Inveterate, Old, Phanatick Race,
 Of canting Parents, sprung this Child of Grace.
 In Show a *Tory*, but a *Whig* in Heart,
 For Saints may safely act the Sinner's Part.
 Once he was ours, and will be ours again,
 For Art to stifle Nature strives in vain,

For

For every thing, when from its Centre borne,
 Still thither tends, still thither will return.
 Let him with these Accomplishments supply
Hortensio's stiddy Faith and Loyalty.
Bruchus, for he has Wealth to buy a Place,
 Shall wear *Urbano's* Key, his Post disgrace.
 A worthy Son, in whom collected shine
 The Follies of his *Mad* and *Idiot* Line.
 Lord of the *Woful Countenance*, whose Skin
 Seems fear'd without, and putrify'd within.
 A *Dapper* Animal, whose Pigmy Size
 Provokes the *Ladies* Scorn, and mocks their Eyes.
 But Balls and Musick are his greatest Care,
 So willing is the Wretch to please the Fair.
 'Tis strange that Men, what Nature has deny'd,
 Should make their only Aim, their only Pride.
 Let *Britano*, who from the Parent *Moon*
 Derives his *Welch* Descent directly down,
 Succeed *Senato* in high Command,
 And bear the *Staff* of Honour in his Hand.
 A flutt'ring empty *Fop*, that every Night
 Sits laughing loud, and jesting in the Pit,
 Whilst a surrounding Crowd of *Whores* and *Bawds*,
 His sprightly *Converse* and his *Wit* applauds;
 An *Atlas* proper to sustain the Weight
 Of an *Incumbred* and *Declining* State.
 Let these, as useless Tools, awhile possess
 The Court *Preferments*, and indulge their Ease:
 But they shall fly like Mists before the Sun,
 When my Designs to full Perfection grown,
 Exert their Power, and make the ruin'd World my own.

When our Scurrilous Poet wrote this Infamous Para-
 graph, certainly the grand Devil himself, who was a Liar
 and a Slanderer from the beginning, sat at his Elbow, and
 dictated to him, or he had never been able to have dis-
 gorg'd.

gorg'd such Base, False, Unmannerly, Inhumane Re-
proaches against Persons in the highest Offices of the State;
Men of Quality by Birth, Education and Fortune, and of
known Loyalty, Justice, Integrity and Fidelity to their
Queen and Country, as he has nauseated his Readers with.
A Lacquey's Foot and Fist is fitter to make an Answer to
it than a Pen, to whose Liberality I commit our Doughty
Knight of the *Goose Quill*, to be rewarded according to his
Desert.

When thus the Fury had her Scheme display'd,
Assenting Hell a low Obeisance paid.

Moloch Protector of the *Papal* Chair,
Author of Massacres and Christian War,
Was now convinc'd that Sanguinary Laws
Could ne'er the *Reformation's* Growth oppose,
Could ne'er in *Albion's* Church advance his Causes;
He therefore urg'd with his old constant Hate,
By *Mod'rate* Means consents to work her Fate.
He finds how soon by *Toleration's* Aid
Her Pow'r is weaken'd, and her Rights betray'd:
Nor doubts *Occasional Conformity*
Will by degrees her Essence quite destroy.
Then *Satan*, Prince of the *Fanatick* Train,
Who form'd the Conduct of their *Glorious* Reign,
Approv'd the Scheme, not hoping to restore
His Subjects to their late *unbounded* Pow'r.
For well he knew their *Avarice* and *Pride*,
Had wean'd the *Bankrupt* Nation from their Side.
But these Auspicious *Moderation* Times,
By not Detecting, *Sanctifie* their Crimes,
By baffling Justice, and eluding Law,
Make Vice Insult, and Sin *Triumphant* grow.
Nay, such th' Effects of *Moderation* are,
The Guilty to *Reward*, as well as Spare.

Hence

Hence Foes to *Prelacy* are clad in *Lawn*,
 Hence *Rebels* are the *Favourites* of the Throne.
 What could they more desire than thus to pass
 The blest Remainder of their happy Days,
 Fatted with *Plunder*, and dissolv'd in Ease?
 Nor *Belial*, th' Atheist's Patron, could complain,
 For *Moderation* would enlarge his Reign,
 Where all unpunish'd talk and live Profane.
 Where Irreligion, *Providence* denies
 Nor dreads the Laws of Earth, nor Thunder of the Skies.
Mammon, the *Traders* and the *Courtiers* God,
 No sooner heard the Project, but allow'd;
 For hence his *Vot'ries* uncontroul'd might live,
 And endless *Frauds* commit, and endless *Bribes* receive.
 But most *Cethego* the Design approves,
 Who Dead and Living in *Mæanders* moves.
 He knew how he deluded hapless *James*,
 By the same wily Arts, and subtle Schemes;
 Proposes then that he alone be sent
 To execute the *Fury's* new Intent.

Now I see I was not mistaken when I said that some First-Rate Devil had inspired our Poet with his nasty, abusive Language against Men of Honour; for in this Paragraph all the Devils in Hell appear to be his Cronies: *Moloch*, *Satan*, *Belial* and *Mammon*, are his intimate Friends, Confederates and Familiars, in the great Works of Infatuating and Ruining England. They have, it seems, already agreed upon the Grand Point, viz. That *Moderation*, *Tolerance*, and *Casual Conformity*, are the sturdy Gentlesfolks that oppose all their *Tory* Plots and Designs, and therefore the Poet and the Devils (for none else would attempt it) are laying Schemes and Projects to banish them, and all their Friends and Favourers out of England, that the *Tory* Friends and their Adherents, the *Papal Consistory*, the *French Missionaries*, the whole Band of *Atheists*, the *Irreligious*,
 and

and all the attending Herd of *Sharpers* and *Biters* may once more tyrannize over good People at *Will and Pleasure*. Now the Ways and Means the *Tories* and *Devils* employ to effect their Purpose, is by the Hellish Art of Scandalizing *Moderation* and *Moderate Men*, and representing them as *Factions* and *Seditious* Persons, Men of no Principles or Abilities, *Enemies* to the *Crown*, *Foes* to the *Church*, and a Set of Fools or Madmen, who are unfit to live, or have any thing in Court, City or Country, till they have utterly renounced *Moderation*, *Toleration*, *Casual Conformity*, all Religious and Moral Vertues, and resign'd their Lives, Liberties and Fortunes, to the Disposal and Management of the *Tory* Faction. And this Project it seems is so ripe, that it wants nothing but to be put in Execution: Then farewell to the *Protestant Religion*, *Liberty*, *Right* and *Property*, and welcome *Absolute Will without Reserve*, and *Ruin without Remedy*. But by your Pardon, Sir Poet, I cannot think that *England* is in such a declining Condition, or so Bankrupt of Honest, Able Men and Money to thwart your Projects, as your Worship wittily, but wickedly represent it. But lest his *Tory Puns*, *Jests* or *Fictions*, should influence the Unwary and Credulous, let the true *English* know, that all his *Rigorous* Notions, according to his own Words, are but the *Wild Suggestions* of *Devils*, and a *distracted* Poet; the very Methods that ruin'd the unfortunate *James*, and will do the same to all the Governments in the World that espouse them.

When he had ended, thus she soon replies,
 Blest be the Shade that can so well advise,
 On thee thy Goddess smiles, on thee relies.
 Fly, nimbly to thy native Soil repair,
 Urge and inforce the well-form'd Council there.

Occasion

Occasion favours, the *Cabal* is met,
 At thy own Mansion, thy belov'd Retreat,
 The Muses Darling Theme, the Graces Seat.
 There *Clodio's* and *Sigillo's* Anxious Thoughts
 Are brooding o'er *Imaginary Plots*:—
 While *Bibliopolo* with his awkward Jests,
 Deserves his Dinner, and diverts the Guests.
Bathillo in his own unborrowed Strains,
 Young *Sacharissa's* Angel-form profanes:
 Whilst her dull *Husband*, senseless of her Charms,
 Lies lumpish in her soft encircling Arms.
 For he to Wisdom makes a Grave Pretence,
 But wants, alas! his *Father's* Depth of Sence.
 Howe'er, supplying all Defects of Wit,
 He shews a true *Fanatick* Zeal and Heat.

Here being inspired by a *She Devil*, and the worst and
 basest of her Kind, the *Poet* has taken the Liberty to affront
 Two very learned noble Lords under the Notion of *Plotters*;
 but being wholly *Imaginary*, like the rest of his *Fardel* of foul
Stuff, he leaves his Reader to suppose, that blowing up
Thamesis, or levelling *Mons Penmameur*, was their Crime,
 for he knows they have both more Sense and Honour than
 to attempt mean or sordid Enterprizes. His ungenteel
 Reflections upon a *Virtuous Lady* and her *Husband* will
 shortly be answer'd as they deserve: Nor will *Signior Bib-*
liopolo be long without his Revenge in kind, for the *Poet's*
 own Picture *en Grotesque*, does not want above a sitting or
 Two more to be finish'd to the Life.

She spoke—— the Spectre in a moment gains
Altropia's balmy Air, and flow'ry Plains.
 At his Approach the Dome's Foundation shook,
 When 'midst their Revels rushing in he broke.
 Involv'd in Wreaths of Smoke a while he stood,
 Seeming at Distance an unshapen Cloud.

But soon, the Cloud ascending to the Skies,
 He manifest was seen before their Eyes.
 Horror and Guilt shook ev'ry conscious Breast,
 But *Bibliopolo* most his Fears express.
 Fainting, he tumbled—pass we o'er the rest,
Clodio alone fixt and unmov'd appear'd,
 And what the Phantom said, undaunted heard.
 Forbear, my Friends, your hot Pursuit restrain,
 Behold your lov'd *Cethego* once again,
 From Faction's dark unbottom'd Cell I come,
 Fraught with *Britannia's* Fate, and final Doom.
 For, meditating Vengeance in her Mind,
 At length a finish'd Plan she has design'd;
 Nor doubts by *Mod'rate* Methods to obtain,
 What she by rougher Arts has sought in vain,
 That *Whigs* should triumph in a *Tory* Reign.
 Thus he began, and then proceeds to tell
 What *Faction* had before reveal'd in Hell.

Besides some Common Place, *Poetical Raptures* and *Fictions*, and an idle and impertinent false *Jest* upon *Signior Bibliopolo*, the foregoing Paragraph contains nothing but an insolent, false Assertion or Insinuation, that Her Majesty's is a *Tory* Reign, under the Ministry of *Whigs*; whereas on the contrary, Her Majesty's Government has such an equal Tendency to the Good of all her Subjects, without Distinction of Parties, as is admired and applauded by all the World.

Clodio was raptur'd, and in Terms like these,
 His Joy and Approbation did express.
 Since thy *Divided State* permits, be thou
 As once a Friend, a Guardian Genius now.
 Give us to execute this Grand Design,
 Thine be the Conduct, and the Glory thine.
 Attempts that often baffle Humane Care,
 By *aiding Spirits* soon effected are;

Their

Their Knowledge in immediate *Intuition* lyes,
Nor does, like ours, from long Deductions rise.
Pleas'd with this Answer, the retiring Ghost
Condens'd the Ambient Air, and in a Cloud was lost.

What Relation has all this to a *Display of Moderation*? Or
has not our Author, like his *Retiring Ghost*, lost himself in
a Cloud? But so it often happens to the best of Poets; if
you inquire into the *Business* of their well-chiming Words,
you will find them, as a Modern Enthusiast has learnedly
express'd it, to be *Brim-full of Emptiness*.

Here cease thy Satyr, Muse, and form thy Tongue
To louder Numbers, and Heroick Song:
Here celebrate, unbiass'd as thou art,
The Triumphs of *Sempronia's* other Part,
Nor let her Stain the Hero's High Desert.

Indeed 'tis time to give o'er, when our Poetick Cham-
pion, contrary to all the known Laws of *Knight-Errantry*,
leaves combating the *Dragon* to wound a Lady in her
Honour and Integrity, which every Gentleman in his Wits
thinks himself obliged to defend. However, let him do
Justice to the *Hero*, since he has assumed that Province,
and I dare say the good Lady will only smile at his Folly
against herself, as wise Men do at the Animals that bark a-
gainst the Moon, which never did them Injury.

Now the *Imperial Eagle* hung her Head,
Drooping she mourn'd her wonted Thunder fled:
Now was she fitted for a Foreign Yoke,
Her Scepter nodded, her Dominion shook:
Such was the tott'ring State of ancient *Rome*,
When conqu'ring *Hannibal* pronounc'd her Doom,
When yet the Fatal *Capua* was unknown,
That blasted all the Laurels *Canna* won.
Where shall she succour seek? Or whither fly?
Shall she for ever in Confusion lye?

Shall the first Kingdom of the Christian World
 Be unreliev'd, in endless Ruin hurl'd ?
 Not so ! her Aid Auspicious *Anna* brings,
Anna the Angel of unhappy Kings.
 She sends *Camillo* with an *English* Force,
 To stem the ravaging Invader's Course.
France and *Bavaria* now in vain combine,
 In vain their fierce unnumbered Legions join,
 In vain the Thunderbolts of War oppose,
Eugenio and *Camillo* are their Foes.
 Like *Cæsar*, both for Stratagems Renown'd ;
 Like *Alexander*, both with Martial Fury Crown'd.

The Poet has formerly given himself the Liberty of traducing the great Warrior *Camillo*, as well as other great Men ; but since he is endeavouring to *Atone* for those Offences, I shall not remember them.

At length the great Decisive Day drew near,
 On which alone depended all the War.
 At length the Fight began, the Cannon roar'd,
 Nor knew the *Empire* yet her Sov'reign Lord.
 But soon *Camillo* with resiftless Arms,
 With doubled Rage the Hostile Troops alarms.
 The Troops that thought no Valour match'd their own,
 Till *English* Courage bore them headlong down ;
 Before his Conquering Sword they vanquish'd fly,
 Or in the Field, or in the *Danube* die.
 The *Danube* reeking ran a Purple Flood,
 Swell'd and distain'd with Deluges of Blood.
 O were I Poet equal to my Theme !
 The *Future World* should wond'ring read this Stream ;
 Where many Thousand Warriors more were slain,
 Or than on *Xanthus* Banks, or the *Pharsalian* Plain :
 Tho' these to all Exploits are far prefer'd,
 One by the *Grecian*, one the *Roman* Bard.

Hence

Hence is the Empire to itself restor'd,
 Revolting Nations Recognize their Lord.
Louis no more shall Godlike Titles claim,
 Nor *Europe* aw'd, and trembling dread his Name.
 Hence a new Scene of Happiness appears,
 A long successive Train of Golden Years.
 So say'd *Demetrius* the Athenian State
 Oppress'd by Foes, and sunk with adverse Fate.
 No sooner was the Bloody Battel won,
 But All his Fame with Adoration own;
 And on the mighty Victor they bestow'd
 The Sacred Stile and Honours of a God.
 But tho' no Altars we profanely raise,
 But tho' a less, we pay a juster Praise,
 All but the Blind Idolatry intend,
 Which Ridicules the Glorious Worth it would commend.

When with his *Eastern* Spoils returning home,
Augustus enter'd his applauding *Rome*,
Virgil and *Horace* waited on his Fame,
 Glad to Record the Muses Patron's Name,
 And well could they in everlasting Strains
 Describe his Triumphs, and Reward his Pains.
 But Modern Heroes, tho' as truly brave
 As those of old, not equal Poets have.
 No *Virgils* now, nor *Horaces*, to raise
 Trophies proportion'd to their deathless Praise.
 An *Addison* perhaps, or *Tate* may write,
Vulpone pays them for their Venal Wit.
 But since my Muse, warm'd with a generous Flame,
 Unbrib'd would eternize *Camillo's* Name,
 Let him accept such Homage as she brings,
 Nor think that wholly uninspir'd she sings.

Methinks our Author had Subject enough to have sung
 the excellent *Camillo's* Praises from his Victories at *Dona-*

wert and Hochsted, and forming the Siege of *Landan*, without hawling in the Exploits of *Demetrins* and *Augustus* to lengthen out his Two last Paragraphs, wherein he strangely flags and blunders; but peradventure he saw it, and therefore returns to satyryze upon *Addison* and *Tate*, at which he has a better Talent; but let him take Care for the future how he exercises his *Satyrical Vein*; for he that thinks he makes other Men afraid of his *Wit*, ought to stand in fear of their *Memories*.

But, Goddess, still one Labour more remains,
Still *Nereo* claims thy Tributary Strains;
Tune thy Harmonious Voice to *Nereo's* Praise,
A Subject pregnant with Immortal Lays.
'Tis He extends the Heavenly *Anna's* Reign,
High as the Stars, unbounded as the Main.
'Tis He, whose Valour the *Batavian* Wars
Inur'd to Glory from his Greener Years.
'Tis He *Le Hogue's* opposing Ord'nance bore,
Nor fear'd the Lightning's Blasts, nor Thunder's roar.
'Tis He, with *Scipio*, Darling of our Isle,
From vanquish'd *Vigo* forc'd the *Indian* Spoil.
'Tis He the *Streights* Defence so lately storm'd,
A Town by Nature fortify'd and arm'd.
'Tis He, unequal far in Force, o'ercame
A Fleet secure of Conquest, and of Fame;
A Fleet by vast Expence for Fight prepar'd,
At once the *Spaniards* Terror, and their Guard.
For what can *English* Bravery withstand,
When *Nereo* or *Camillo* do command?
It vindicates the Sea, and triumphs o'er the Land.
'Tis He Detraction's Baleful Breath has borne,
But with a Noble and Heroick Scorn.
For let his Foes this just Monition have,
Envy's the Coward's Homage to the Brave.

So *Aristides* long with Malice strove,
Nor could his Virtue win a Faction's Love.

If the *Poet* design'd his Conclusion as a Reflection upon the *Whigs*, 'tis like all the rest of his *Satyr*, an egregious Slander; for they unanimously rejoice at every Accession of good Fortune to *England*, and applaud the happy *Instruments* that accomplish'd it, without considering whether they were *Churchmen* or *Whigs*; and further say, it would be intolerable to be a great *Minister* of State, *General* or *Admiral*, if every Scoundrel might have the Privilege of being Accuser and Judge; therefore if the common *Weekly* Slanderer of Great Men and their Actions, who prides himself in being thought a *Whig*, has at any time *Dared* to Affront or Abuse the Excellent *Nereo*, let him, and *All* that are addicted to that *Abominable* Vice, not escape the Exemplary Punishment due by Law to False Accusers, Calumniators and Slanderers.

And then what will be the Fate of our *Satyrical* *Displayer*, who in the foregoing Poem has so notoriously vilified several *Great* and *Good* Men, without assigning any kind of Reason worth a wise Man's Notice; nay, his whole *Satyr* is a Piece of meer *Trifling* *Scurrility*. As for Example, he bitterly inveighs against *Jano* for being like *Vulpone*, which wiser Men esteem his Glory; against *Bruchus* for being *Rich*, and because his Visiognomy and Stature does not please him; and against *Britono* for his Country, and laughing and jesting in the Pit; *all wonderful Faults in Statesmen*; against *Clodio* and *Sigillo* for plotting to blow up the *Thames*; against *Bathillo* for being a better *Poet* than himself, and that he thinks is Quarrel enough in any *Tory's* Conscience; and against *Moderation*, because Experience tells us, that it raises a *Nobler* Passion in the Soul, and gives a *Better* Sense of our Duties, than Rigour and Severity.

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